

# Good Morning 197

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## He Packed a Tough Wallop — Wallop!

W. H. Millier  
"The Golden Age of Boxing"

## But He Couldn't Box

### Something in your eye? First-Aid for Stoker Eric Stansbury

THE wedding went off without a hitch, until, leaving the church with his beautiful bride on his arm, with the future sunny except for the heavy rain, a spot of confetti got in his eye—then Jack Tar the handy man came to a full stop.

Lucky he'd married a sailor girl, for, with the Navy's traditional resource, she used her veil to wipe away the foreign body from her bridegroom's eye.

Leading Stoker Eric Stansbury, 21-year-old village lad, of Bridgerule, North Devon, just home from serving in the tropics, tried twice before to wed his childhood sweetheart.

But the exigencies of the Service prevented him, and now, after he has been abroad two years, it was third time lucky, and his bride, W.R.N.S. Miss Violet Braund, aged 21 years, of Plymouth, had a guard of honour of her W.R.N.S. comrades, each wearing a white carnation, as the happy pair left St. Matthias' Church, Plymouth, under a cloud of confetti.



Handing her bouquet to one of her bridesmaids, Sheila, the bride, got to work on her groom's eye to remove the piece of confetti with her veil, while the groom holds up the umbrella to keep off the rain. And then they were off to spend the honeymoon at St. Ives, Cornwall.

## Here's the way to seek your fortune

THE Campbells are claiming! There's a £500,000 fortune waiting in America for a claimant of the Campbell family, and well over a hundred of the clan recently stormed a special inquiry to prove their right to a share.

You can find a fortune almost anywhere, in fact, but you cannot always find a fortune-heir! That is why the Baroness de Vries van Doesburgh keeps busy. She puts beggars in the big money.

She once walked up to a man as he was playing a violin in the gutter, asked his name, and then told him he was probably heir to £10,000. Once, too, she visited a farmhouse just as the creditors were moving out the furniture.

"You'd best hold the horses," said she, "the farmer may be worth a million dollars!" As it happened, he wasn't. But by the time the Baroness and the farmer's creditors discovered that, he had found the means of raising money to keep the wolves at bay.

#### SHE FINDS THEM.

Technically, the Baroness is a probate researchist. In Canada and the United States, when legatees to fortunes are undiscovered, the cash in hand has a trick of reverting to the state. Before that can happen, the Baroness tries to trace the missing heirs, and her commission rake-off is a fair enough fee.

The easiest job she ever had was when she set out to discover the missing heir to the Baker millions. Jasper

Baker died in Ontario, willing his fortune to each of his seven sons, or to as many as were still living.

Six were traced without the aid of the Baroness. They had all lived lives of intense respectability, and five had already died.

All that the sixth could say of his brother was that he had been the black sheep of the family, and had last been heard of as peddling brushes from door to door.

#### "BLACK SHEEP" MADE GOOD.

The Baroness wrote to the six leading brush-manufacturing organisations of Britain and America, asking if they could supply details of salesmen named Baker.

Back from the Baker Brush Company came a reply from the director of the firm, "I expect you mean me!"

The "black sheep" had, in fact, practically become a millionaire himself!

One day, a poor derelict died in a dingy flophouse in Chicago. Sewn in the lining of his coat was a package containing £1,000 in notes. It wasn't a large sum, but the Baroness promptly sent a memo. to her agents all over America.

Eventually they linked the derelict with a prosperous Western business man who had gone to his bank one morning years before, drawn out £1,500, and vanished.

The Baroness found his family living in the same city. His wife was certain her husband had died long since and was

struggling to bring up a family.

"At least," says the Baroness, "that was the story I heard. When I went along I found four hulking great sons who were keeping their mother in the lap of luxury. Still, I dare say the money came in handy!"

One woman whom the Baroness traced had been left a fortune by her husband. She had never suspected the possibility of his being a rich man, had never claimed alimony, and for years had lived by begging or borrowing from her neighbours.

Another time, the Baroness went all out to find the heirs to some £56,000 left by a man named Spendeley.

#### THEN THEY BELIEVED.

All over the country documents were examined, death certificates traced, worn grave-stones in disused churchyards scoured and cleaned to decipher names. The search narrowed down to one man. Beyond doubt, he was the Spendeley heir.

When the Baroness went to see him the door was slammed in her face by an irate landlady. It turned out that the missing legatee had talked for years of his expected fortune and borrowed large sums on his expectations.

When his creditors tired of his tale he went to gaol for debt.

Behind prison bars, he hadn't heard that his dreams had come true!

MARK PRIESTLEY.

AFTER George Cook's contest with Carpentier, Jack Goodwin, who had trained the Australian for this fight, said he would have given half his years to have been able to get hold of Cook before he had ever put on a boxing glove.

"If I had been able to teach him from the start," said Goodwin, "I feel sure he would have made a great champion."

He was so impressed by the way the Australian had carried out instructions in his fight with Carpentier that he felt sure he could make him do even better in his next fight, and he did.

His opponent was yet another example of a good man gone wrong in the boxing sense. This was due to the tendency of the period in serving up big, husky heavy-weights as fistic stars, long before they had learned even the rudiments of boxing, just because there was big money for the "big hams."

#### ENTER SOLDIER JONES.

The fighter in question was a Canadian lumberjack. He was as strong as a horse, as tough as teak, had the heaviest right-hand punch imaginable, and was known as Soldier Jones. The sad fact was that he had never learned to box.

He was brought to this country in 1922 by Pat Hoey, whom I met on his arrival to hear all about the fighter he was introducing to London. It just boiled down to, "Boy, wait until you have seen this peach of a right-hand punch."

In its way, it served admirably in getting lots of publicity for the newcomer, far better than if Hoey had delivered himself of reams of advance publicity "dope."

In point of fact, Hoey was quite honest in confining himself to this, as it proved to be the one and only thing worth mentioning that Jones possessed. It was far different when you talked with Jones, or rather when Jones talked to you. To listen to him, you would gather that he could beat all the other heavy-weights, one after the other, in the same ring, on any one night you cared to name.

You did not need to be too close to the speaker to catch the substance of his remarks. They would be addressed to the world.

Soldier Jones was the very antithesis of George Cook. The Australian spoke all too seldom, and then it was almost in a whisper and with an apologetic air that bespoke the modesty of the man. Jones had a voice that matched his punch. It was devastating to sensitive eardrums.

Modesty had no part in the Canadian's make-up. He went into Joe Beckett's camp to act as sparring-partner to the British heavy-weight champion when he was training for a contest, and afterwards Jones told the world that the British champion would be a cake-walk for him to beat if ever Beckett was foolish enough to meet him in the ring.

#### CLOWN OF THE RING.

That was a fair sample. The Soldier was what is known as a great mouth-fighter out of the ring. In the ring he was a clown. It was part of his stock-in-trade to indulge in all manner of clownish tricks when he should have been fighting.

No doubt he thought it unsettled his opponents and

served to make him popular with the crowd. He certainly drew howls of laughter from the crowd when they saw him in the ring for the first time, but after that it became less funny, and was out of place in what was meant to be a serious contest.

It was George Cook's stable-companion, Albert Lloyd, a very useful cruiser-weight, who first tackled Jones. This served to enable us to weigh-up the Canadian for what he was worth. Lloyd was much too clever for him at boxing, but he was not strong enough to keep him at arm's length, and eventually he was bowled over after missing a score or more of those pile-driving rights.

It is doubtful whether Lloyd could have regained his feet in time to beat the count, but the Soldier couldn't wait. Acting like a wild man from Borneo, he waded in and hit Lloyd while he was down. Of course, he was promptly disqualified.

In his next bout he knocked out one of our toughest second-raters, Guardsman Penwill, in one round, which served to show that his "peach of a punch" was certainly of the right brand, when once he could land it effectively.

Jack Goodwin had watched the Canadian very closely in these two bouts, and when he was matched to fight George Cook, Goodwin felt sure that he could make Cook beat his man comfortably, in spite of his tremendous punch. Cook was only too pleased to take on the match, as he wanted to avenge his pal Lloyd.

It was an interesting match for the promoter to put on, as both men were right in the public eye at the moment, and as they had a £250 side-stake, each fighter backing himself, this meant that it would most likely be a hard-fought encounter.

For this match Cook returned to his riverside quarters at the Vaudeville River Club, Thames Ditton, and a day or so later he had to take to his bed with a very severe cold. To add to the troubles of the Australian camp, Frankie Burns, who used to give valuable help in sparring with Cook, went sick with German measles.

When Goodwin went along to start work a week later he found Cook still too seedy to start training, and when George did recover his strength there was very little time for the thorough preparation necessary for so important a contest. Still, Goodwin was a fine trainer, and he managed to get his man in good condition.

In the meantime, Jones had been working various stunts at his training camp, and providing plenty of copy for the sporting writers with his remarks concerning what would happen to poor Cook. All this provided plenty of publicity, along with photographs of this Canadian cave-man doing strong-man acts to amuse his sparring-partners.

#### SAID HE'D BE SERIOUS.

On one occasion when I looked in at the Jones camp, Pat Hoey was giving him a fatherly lecture and advising him to cut out all the clowning, otherwise he ran the risk of getting only the loser's end of the purse and losing his £250 side-stake.

With all the solemnity this big boy could muster he promised that he would not act the clown this time, but he simply

could not agree that there was any risk of being beaten by Cook.

I have no doubt that he was quite honest in giving his promise that he would refrain from playing the clown in the ring, but he did not realise that it was by this time too deeply ingrained in his system to be able to uproot it all at once.

The fight had not been long in progress when Jones started his funny business. Cook was carefully boxing to the instructions of his trainer, and was proving too elusive for his much slower adversary to pin down. In the meantime, he was scoring and getting out of danger, although it was apparent that his punches were not likely to stop the tough Canadian before the distance.

To show how little he regarded Cook's best efforts, the Soldier would go through the motion of brushing off imaginary flies with his glove whenever Cook landed. This caused the crowd to laugh, and the laughter encouraged Jones to indulge in more comic efforts, thus completely forgetting his promise to his manager.

#### AND LOST HIS BET.

I have said that his punch was tremendous, but I must also explain that he could only produce it by setting himself squarely with both feet planted firmly. Any boxer knows that a man who telegraphs his punches is fairly easy to dodge. Jones did not telegraph his wallop; he did not even send it by post. No, it was delivered by slow goods train.

Directly the Soldier, in his stolid way, started to set himself to deliver his punch, Cook would drop his hands and walk away, thus leaving his adversary standing on his flat feet and looking rather foolish. To the crowd it was a comical burlesque of a fight, especially when the big fellow was reduced to poking out his long tongue as the only reply he could make when Cook walked away.

All the same, it was serious enough for the fighters, who both wanted to win. Cook carried out instructions, and never once ran full tilt into that terrific punch of his rival's, and as a consequence he ran out a good winner on points. He cleaned up the winning end of the purse and his opponent's £250 side-stake.

In addition, Frankie Burns, who was still in bed recovering from measles, and was unable to see the fight, had some consolation in being handed £150 in notes by Charlie Lucas when they returned to Thames Ditton. Burns had asked Lucas to get him the best odds to £25 on Cook, and although he felt optimistic, he never expected to get 5 to 1 for his money.

The betting boys had fallen for the Canadian's big talk and had regarded it as a certainty for Cook to be knocked out, hence the foolish odds of 5 to 1. Will they ever learn that it does not pay to take a fighter at his own valuation?

There was grand material in this husky Canadian, and had he been taken in hand by a wise tutor before he had told himself he knew anything about boxing, Soldier Jones would assuredly have become a notable champion.

As precisely the same may be said of Cook, it only goes to show that promising young boxers need to be protected from themselves.

Concluding: HOW THE BRIGADIER LOST HIS EAR

# "I WAS TENSE IN EVERY MUSCLE"

By  
Conan Doyle

MY impulse was to spring to my feet and to rush through them all and out by the open door. But how would that help Lucia? Suppose that I got clear away, she would be in their hands until I could come back with help, for single-handed I could not hope to clear a way for her.

All this flashed through my

## QUIZ for today

1. Topiary is—drinking, spinning tops, ornamental hedge-trimming, cutting precious stones, hat-making?
2. Who wrote (a) The Master Christian, (b) The Christian Year?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Circus, Cumulus, Stratus, Cirrus, Nimbus?
4. At what town do the rivers Nadder, Wylde and Avon meet?
5. How many carats are there in pure gold?
6. What is a party of policemen called?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Eliminate, Slimming, Limming, Limitation, Shimmer, Scrimage?
8. What is the capital of Paraguay?
9. Who discovered aniline dyes, and what was his nationality?
10. What is the common name for the bird known also as the churn-owl, goat-sucker, fern-owl, or night-hawk?
11. In what year did Edward VIII abdicate the Throne?
12. Complete the pairs, (a) Moses and —, (b) Judge and —.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 196

1. Dance.
2. (a) R. L. Stevenson, (b) Jules Verne.
3. Winkle has one shell; the others two.
4. Southampton.
5. Alexander Pope.
6. A half-human monster in Shakespeare's "The Tempest."
7. Gnomon, Nasturtium.
8. A mountain in Mexico.
9. Excalibur.
10. Napoleon.
11. 1558.
12. (a) Vegetable and mineral; (b) Look, and listen.

## JANE



mind in an instant, and I saw that the only course for me was to lie still, take what came, and wait my chance. The fellow's coarse hand felt about among my curls—those curls in which only a woman's fingers had ever wandered.

The next instant he gripped my ear, and a pain shot through me as if I had been touched with a hot iron. I bit my lip to stifle a cry, and I felt the blood run warm down my neck and back.

"There, thank Heaven that's over," said the fellow, giving me a friendly pat on the head. "You're a brave girl, signorina, I'll say that for you, and I only wish you'd have better taste than to love a Frenchman. You can blame him and not me for what I have done."

What could I do save to lie still and grind my teeth at my own helplessness? At the same time my pain and my rage were always soothed by the reflection that I had suffered for the woman whom I loved.

It is the custom of men to say to ladies that they would willingly endure any pain for their sake, but it was my privilege to show that I had said no more than I meant. I thought also how nobly I would seem to have acted if ever the story came to be told, and how proud the regiment of Conflans might well be of their colonel.

These thoughts helped me to suffer in silence while the blood still trickled over my neck and dripped upon the stone floor. It was that sound which nearly led to my destruction.

"She's bleeding fast," said one of the valets. "You had best fetch a surgeon, or you will find her dead in the morning."

"She lies very still, and she has never opened her mouth," said another. "The shock has killed her."

"Nonsense; a young woman does not die so easily!" It was Matteo who spoke. "Besides I did but snip off enough to leave the tribunal's mark upon her. Rouse up, signorina, rouse up!"

He shook me by the shoulder, and my heart stood still for fear he should feel the epaulette under the mantle.

"How is it with you now?" he asked.

"Curse it! I wish I had to do with a man instead of a woman, and the fairest woman in Venice," said the gondolier. "Here, Nicholas, lend me your handkerchief and bring a light."

It was all over. The worst had happened. Nothing could save me. I still crouched in the corner, but I was tense in every muscle, like a wild

cat about to spring. If I had to die, I was determined that my end should be worthy of my life.

One of them had gone for a lamp, and Matteo was stooping over me with a handkerchief. In another instant my secret would be discovered. But he suddenly drew himself straight and stood motionless.

At the same instant there came a confused murmuring sound through the little window far above my head. It was the rattle of oars and the buzz of many voices. Then there was a crash upon the door upstairs, and a terrible voice roared: "Open! Open in the name of the Emperor!"

The Emperor! It was like the mention of some saint which, by its very sound, can frighten the demons. Away they ran, with cries of terror—Matteo, the valets, the steward, all of the murderous gang. Another shout, and then the crash of a hatchet and the splintering of planks.

There were the rattle of arms and the cries of French soldiers in the hall. Next instant, feet came flying down the stair and a man burst frantically into my cell.

"Lucia!" he cried, "Lucia!" He stood in the dim light, panting, and unable to find his words. Then he broke out again. "Have I not shown you how I love you, Lucia? What more could I do to prove it? I have betrayed my country, I have broken my vow, I have ruined my friends, and I have given my life in order to save you."

It was young Lorenzo Loredan, the lover whom I had superseded. My heart was heavy for him at the time, but, after all, it is every man for himself in love, and if one fails in the game, it is some consolation to lose to one who can be a graceful and considerate winner.

I was about to point this out to him, but at the first word I uttered he gave a shout of astonishment, and, rushing out, he seized the lamp which hung in the corridor and flashed it in my face.

"It is you, you villain!" he cried. "You French coxcomb. You shall pay me for the wrong which you have done me."

But the next instant he saw the pallor of my face and the blood which was still pouring from my head.

"What is this?" he asked. "How come you to have lost your ear?"

I shook off my weakness, and, pressing my handkerchief to my wound, I rose from my couch, the debonair colonel of Hussars.

"My injury, sir, is nothing. With your permission, we will

not allude to a matter so trifling and so personal."

But Lucia had burst through from her cell and was pouring out the whole story while she clasped Lorenzo's arm.

"This noble gentleman—he has taken my place, Lorenzo! He has borne it for me. He has suffered that I might be saved."

I could sympathise with the struggle which I could see in the Italian's face. At last he held out his hand to me.

"Colonel Gerard," he said, "you are worthy of a great love. I forgive you, for if you have wronged me you have made a noble atonement. But I wonder to see you alive. I left the tribunal before you were judged, but I understood that no mercy would be shown to any Frenchman since the destruction of the ornaments of Venice."

"He did not destroy them," cried Lucia. "He has helped to preserve those in our palace."

"One of them, at any rate,"

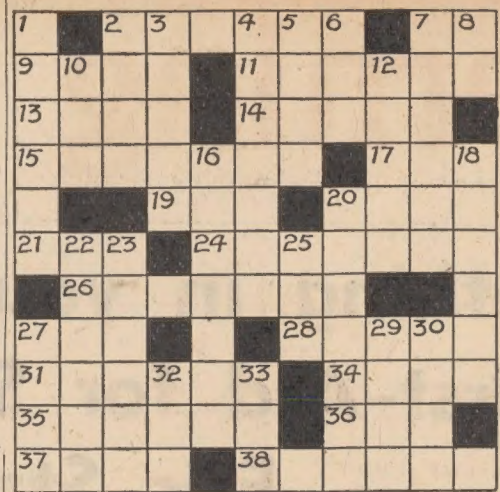
## WANGLING WORDS—152

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order both before and after EREWIL, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of BUG ON LEO, to make a French port.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: TEN into TWO, NINE into FOUR, BIRD into WORM, WILD into OATS.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from OSTEOPATHY?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 151

1. DECEPITUDE.
2. MELTON MOWBRAY.
3. YOUR, SOUR, LOUR, LOU, LOST, MOST, MIST, MINT, MINE, MONEY, HONEY, HONES, BONES, BONDS, BINDS, BIRDS, BARDS, CARDS, BACK, LACK, LACE, FACE, FARE, FIRE, YOUR, HOUR, HOAR, HEAR, HEAD, LEAD.
4. Mane, Name, Pain, Pate, Tape, Peat, Cite, Anti, Tine, Time, Mite, Item, Pant, Pane, Pace, Meet, Teem, Meat, Team, Mate, Tame, Pine, Cant, Cane, Emit, etc. Paten, Piece, Peace, Meant, Panic, Paint, Mince, Pecan, Pæan, etc.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Sea-pink.
- 7 Suffice.
- 9 One of the U.S.A.
- 11 Girl.
- 13 Variety.
- 14 Learner.
- 15 Make more amiable.
- 17 Tooth-holder.
- 19 Young person.
- 20 Await.
- 21 Tennis shot.
- 24 Tardy.
- 26 First option.
- 27 Horse.
- 28 Parent.
- 31 Lion or lamb.
- 34 Time o' day.
- 35 Disregard.
- 36 One of the nuts.
- 37 In case.
- 38 Opposed.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

FRUGALITY C  
RESIN LAURA  
ADAM FLAKED  
N GLUE LOSE  
CHEERED NUT  
ET A IF M  
FAD LOCATES  
ALEC HERO C  
REFORM CUBA  
ARENA BERYL  
D REPRESSED

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Antiquated thing.
- 2 Weary.
- 3 Home from home.
- 4 Retards.
- 5 Mythical creature.
- 6 Overturn.
- 7 Deceive.
- 8 Supported by.
- 10 The way.
- 12 Numeral.
- 16 In column form.
- 18 In the middle.
- 20 Counterpoise.
- 22 Fruit.
- 23 Starts.
- 25 Thrash.
- 27 Brad.
- 29 Open ground.
- 30 Rough crowds.
- 32 Witty remark.
- 33 Meadow.

said I, as I stooped and kissed her hand.

This was the way, my friends, in which I lost my ear.

Lorenzo was found stabbed to the heart in the Piazza of St. Mark within two days of the night of my adventure. Of the tribunal and its ruffians, Matteo and three others were shot, the rest banished from the town.

Lucia, my lovely Lucia, retired into a convent at Murano after the French had left the city, and there she still may be, some gentle lady abbess who has perhaps long forgotten the days when our hearts throbbed together, and when the whole great world seemed so small a thing beside the love which burned in our veins.

Or perhaps it may not be so. Perhaps she has not forgotten. There may still be times when

the peace of the cloister is broken by the memory of the old soldier who loved her in those distant days

Youth is past and passion is gone, but the soul of the gentleman can never change, and still Etienne Gerard would bow his grey head before her, and would very gladly lose this other ear if he might do her a service.

END

Answer to Picture Quiz in  
No. 196: A collar stud.

I left the room with silent  
dignity, but caught my foot  
in the mat.  
George Grossmith  
(1874-1935).

## ROUND THE WORLD

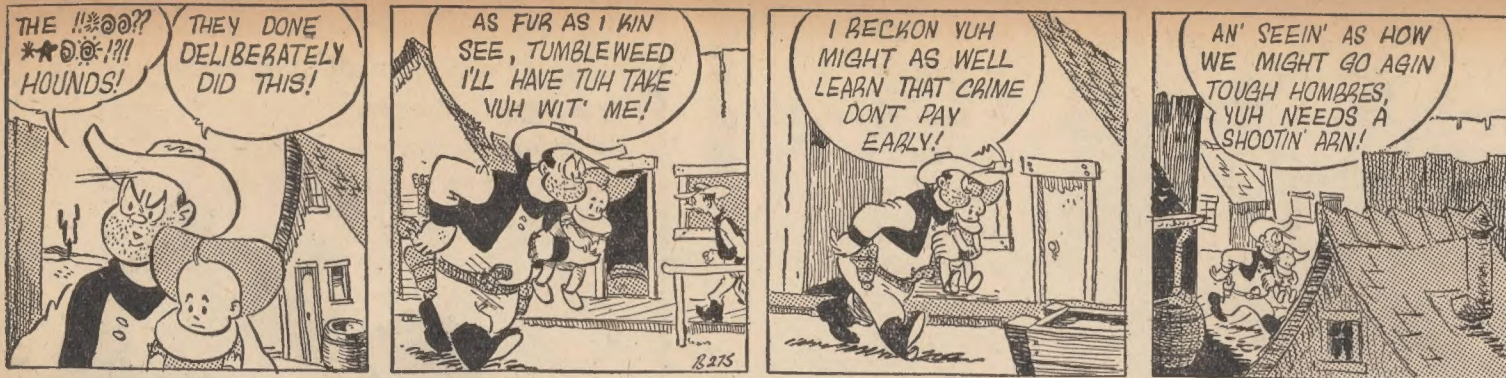
with our  
Roving Cameraman



### PICCANINNIES HAVE THE PICK

It is water-melon time in Dixie, and the kids love melon just like their elders. When some of them, as in the picture, get hold of a slice, you can hardly see the kid for the melon. They just bury their faces in the juicy fruit—if you'd call it fruit.

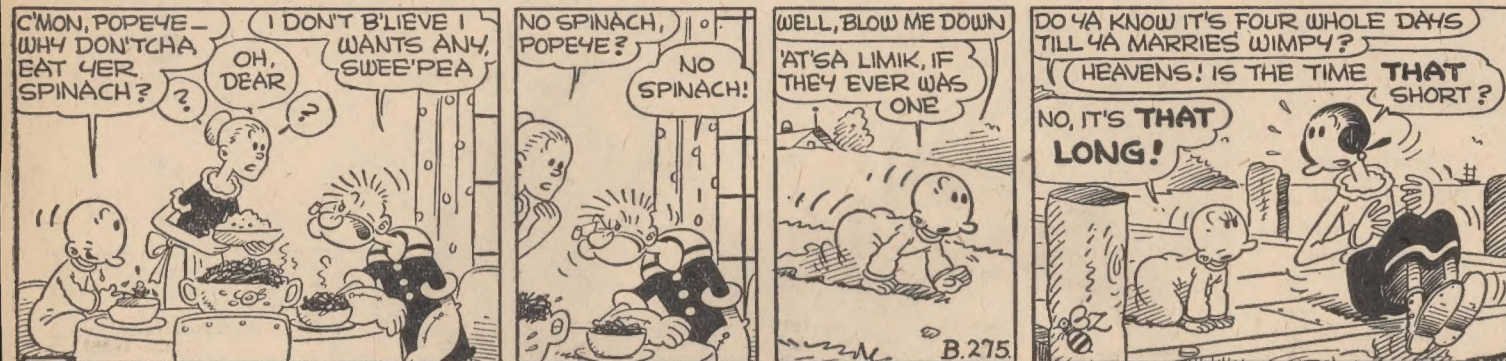
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## News from Nowhere

By ODO DREW

(Descendant of the Mad Hatter)

**AGAINST THE WAR EFFORT.**  
CONSIDERABLE public interest is likely to be aroused by a charge which is being preferred by the Ministry of Edibles against a munition worker named Tucker.

It is alleged that his small boy, little Tom Tucker, has been given regularly white bread and butter for his supper.

Neighbours state that this was a regular practice and that the child sang before his evening meal, being rewarded with food the manufacture of which is forbidden.

At the same court, a charge will be heard against an elderly woman, a Mrs. Hubbard, for wasting food and clothing on a pet of hers, a dog to wit. She is stated to have used all her coupons to obtain a wide variety of goods for this animal, and it was when she went to the bootmaker to buy him some shoes that the suspicions of the authorities were aroused.

## YOUR HELP NEEDED.

I HAVE been asked by Fan Male, sister of Al Male, to draw the attention of readers to a new movement which she has started.

She writes: "I always remember a remark of my favourite philosopher Confucius - 'Mother's knee better than housemaid's variety.' You chappies, in spite of some human weaknesses which I must regret, preserve in your Bosoms, Hearts of Gold, that have never forgotten the lessons learned at Mother's Knee - or, more accurately, at both of them. Ronald Richards, who gets around quite a bit, assures me of that.

"Those lessons, as you chappies are aware, have been responsible for building the British Empire; and if only other less-fortunate nations had had mothers' knees like ours, the whole world might have been a Greater Great Britain. That would have been glorious, would it not, chappies?

"Now, I want all of you to promise - and don't forget what my other favourite Chinese sage, Hoo Flung, said: 'Hell-fire for wicked liar' - so don't promise unless you mean to abide by it, to -

(i) Spread among your comrades a love of the home fireside and a desire to help mum at all times, even if you have a sweetheart and are home on leave;

(ii) Do your utmost to dissuade your comrades from drinking, gambling, necking and other things which your modesty prevents me from mentioning;

(iii) Endeavour to grow each day in every way more worthy of the new and better world that is being planned for you some day, somewhere, somehow, perhaps.

"I know you chappies will do this, if not for me, certainly for my dear brother," concludes Miss Male, "and you will then attain that happy state to which another great Chinese worthy, Chop Suey, refers when he says, 'Perfect peace will never cease.'"

## WELSH MALE CHOIRS.

OWING to the fact that so many members of Welsh Male Voice Choirs are in the Forces, mines or factories, it has been feared that many of these bodies might have to suspend their activities. The Minister of Man and Woman-Power, however, has considered the matter with his usual sympathy, and has agreed to release sufficient men to bring up the numbers of these choirs to a maximum of 37.5 of their pre-war strength, subject, of course, to the exigencies of something or other.

## DELAYED BY CENSOR.

DETAILS of a pathetic story of the sea have just been released for publication by the Censor and told in a dramatic cable from our American correspondent, H. W. Longfellow.

One of the most popular schooners (he says) in the Atlantic East Coast trade of North America was the schooner Hesperus.

It was the custom of her captain, apparently, to take his little daughter with him from time to time for the sake of company. Although he was strongly advised to discontinue this practice, the child accompanied him again during the latter part of last winter.

She seems to have been noted in the district where she lived for her youthful charm, and a neighbour described her as having eyes blue as fairy flax and cheeks like the dawn of day.

From the first the weather was bad, and an old sailor suggested the advisability of putting into port, as a hurricane was developing; but the captain's only reply was a scornful laugh. The storm blew up, says Mr. Longfellow in a dramatic description, "colder and colder blew the wind, a gale from the north-east. The snow fell hissing in the brine, and the billows frothed like yeast."

The child was wrapped in a seaman's coat and bound to the mast with a rope from a broken spar. Unfortunately, the skipper was soon frozen to death, and the Hesperus was carried towards Norman's Woe Reef.

As the vessel struck, says our correspondent, a billow swept the crew like icicles from her deck. At daylight, on the bleak sea-beach a fisherman stood aghast to see the form of a maiden fair, lashed close to a drifting mast.

Local journalists have protested strongly against the censor holding up the story for some eight months, an action that is regarded as an arbitrary interpretation of security regulations.

# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

It's perfectly simple. Just slip the button through the hole, and Hey Presto."



"Yes, you do it all right, but I always trap my finger somehow. Funny, isn't it?"

"Now lay off the soft-soaping. You think your old Paw don't know anything. Bless my soul I was up to all those monkey tricks ages ago. Course, I'll forgive you. 'Like father, like son,' I guess."



## This England

Not many leaves around, but there's warm comfort in those cosy cottages in East Meon, Hampshire.



"How about me for 'dog watch'?"



We always thought that when stage folk "rested" things were actually pretty tough. Warner Bros. star, Joyce Reynolds, disillusion us. Well, we're never too old to learn.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"ONLY a rose?"

